

THE
Apparition.
A
POEM.

OR, A
DIALOGUE
Betwixt the
DEVIL and a *DOCTOR*,
Concerning the
Rights of the Christian Church.

The Second Edition.

Printed in the Year M DCC X.
And are to be Sold by the Booksellers of
London and *Westminster*.

H
A
T
T
V
A
U
S
V
B
S
T

L

T H E Apparition.

BEGIN my Muse: the dire Adventure tell,
How the supremest gloomy Power of Hell,
Convers'd familiar with a Mortal *Man*:
Where, when, and how the Conference began;
Bring each Particular in open Sight,
And do the *Devil* and the *Doctor Right*.

As round the World that restless Spirit flew,
This spacious Earth, and all her Sons to view;
To see how *Treason*, *Lust* and *Murder* strove,
To fill his Realms, and empty those *Above*.
While *Truth* was Trampl'd on by *Lies* and *Spight*,
And *Wrong* Victorious Triumph'd over *Right*;
Vice domineer'd, and haughty Swore aloud,
Surrounded with a num'rous Flatt'ring *Crowd*:
Virtue, with Blushes cover'd o're, retir'd,
By all Forsaken, tho' by all Admir'd.
Silent She *Grief'd*, with Pity, at the sight,
Then Wing'd tow'rds *Heav'n* Her solitary Flight.
Not so the *Fiend*, with other Passions fraught
Exulting, on his mighty Conquests thought:

Wide, to his View, the lovely Prospect lay,
 But still with Joy malign he ey'd the Prey :
 For some escaping, made his Madness rise,
 Low'ring he Scowl'd and Darken'd all the Skies :
 Unmindful of the *Many*, *Satan* stood,
Revenge against those flying *Few* he Vow'd :
 Then tos'd the Vipers round his horrid Head,
 And thus indignant to himself he said.

‘ These Kingdoms of the Earth of Old were giv'n,
 ‘ If I mistake not, in Exchange for Heav'n :
 ‘ Their *Pow'r*, their *Wealth* and *Glory*, all are Mine,
 ‘ I hold 'em from Above by *Grant Divine*.
 ‘ Uxorius *Adam*, by my Cunning cross'd,
 ‘ Forfeit to *Treason* all their Tenures lost :
 ‘ Then, if I hold by Titles such as These,
 ‘ Who shall my Tenures dare Dispute or Seize ?
 ‘ Yet — for all this — spite of my Sov'reign Will,
 ‘ Some Nations do decline their Homage still.
 ‘ The Three Great Quarters of the World are Mine,
 ‘ See how their *Altars Smoak* and *Temples Shine* ! —
 ‘ In *Europe* too, nor am I less rever'd
 ‘ Where grateful *Rome* her Images has rear'd :
 ‘ Or where *Fanatick Sectaries* abound,
 ‘ I scow'r with Pleasure my devouring Round :
 ‘ But *A'bion*, Cursed Isle ! by *Priests* mis-led,
 ‘ False to my Hopes, is in *Rebellion* bred.
 ‘ Not that my *Emissaries There* I want :
 ‘ *Atheists* to Curse, and *Hypocrites* to Cant.
 ‘ *B——s* aloft Harangues the gaping Crowd,
 ‘ While Witty *H——G* below *Blasphemes* aloud ;
 ‘ And to each other, tho' so Opposite,
 ‘ Yet in my *Cause Both* lovingly Unite :
 ‘ The *N——T* to my Wish proceeds,
 ‘ Neglected *Gardens* must be choak'd with *Weeds*.
 ‘ Oh, cou'd I Sink the *Sacramental Test* !
 ‘ Down falls at once the *Altar* and the *Priest* :

'For still th' *Establish'd Church* is all my Bane :
 'And while That stands I ne're must hope to Reign.
 'But then that *D—O*, damn'd Pedantick Town ! }
 'Thus to be Fool'd by a Square-Cap and Gown ! }
 'How Old and Silly, *Satan*, art Thou grown ? }
 '—But 'tis Resolv'd, new Measures I will try,
 'Quick to *S—S—A*, to *L—T* I will fly :
 '*L—T*, alike with me, by *GOD* Accurs'd ;
 'In *Vice* and *Error* from his *Cradle* Nurs'd :
 'He Studies hard, and takes extreme Delight,
 'In Whores, or Heresies to spend the Night :
 'My Vassal sworn ! He loves *Confusion's* Cause,
 'And hates, like *Me*, all *Government* and *Laws* :
 'All Ties of *Duty*, *Gratitude* are vain ;
 'No *Bonds* his furious *Malice* can restrain :
 'All *Int'rests*, *Civil*, *Sacred*, still unite
 'With idle *Toyl*, to check his ardent *Spite*.

Thus having said, quick down to *Earth* he fell ;
 Full in the Middle of the *Quadrangle* :
 With sudden *Glance* he travers'd all the Rooms,
 And then forthwith a human Shape assumes.

Like an *Old College-Bedmaker* he bent ;
 His *Cloven-Foot* he wrigg'l'd as he went :
 A frowzy high-crown'd *Hat* his Face did hide,
 A hooked *Staff* his tott'ring Steps did guide,
 A Bunch of various *Keys* hung jangling by his Side. }

Quick to the Doctor's Chamber he repair'd,
 Three solemn Rapps upon the Door were heard ;
 The Doctor listning, trembl'd, swore, and star'd. }

And in an instant tow'rds the Door he goes,
 The Door, self-opening, took him thwart the Nose.

Astonish'd, back he started with a bound ;
 And thought, at least, he trod enchanted Ground.

But as the Spectre nearer to him drew,
 Resolv'd at last, he cries, *Z—s* ! What are You ?

The *Spright*, observing straigh his great *Confusion*,
 Thus calmly Silence broke (as He who knows one). }

Dear

‘ Dear Doctor ! Prithee do not Tremble so :
‘ Pray be compos’d ! What ? — Not *Crippelia* know ! }
‘ The Devil is not come to fetch you now.
‘ Once I was Young, nor wanted Female Charms,
‘ When I lay Panting in your curling Arms :
‘ Lock’d in the Folds of Love we Both defy’d
‘ The Statutes, and the Laws of G O D beside.
‘ Then, my *Civilian* ! As Intranc’d you lay,
‘ How did you Sigh and Kiss the Hours away :
‘ Not *Alexander*, with *Statira* Blest,
‘ His Passion with more Tenderness exprest.
‘ What ? tho’ with Age and Weakness now I bend,
‘ With Wrinkles shrivel’d : — for One *Tumbler* send : }
‘ If not a Mistress, use me like a Friend.
‘ For Favours past some small Regards are due ;
‘ I wou’d not at these Years have flouted you.
‘ Turn then, *Barbarian*, turn thy lovely Eyes ;
‘ Survey me well : — and mark my thin Disguise. — }
‘ No musty College-Matron here thou see’st ;
‘ Them, and their Masters, I alike detest,
‘ Abhor, as Thou dost any *Christian Priest*. }
‘ Before Thee stands Hell’s mighty Sovereign King :
‘ My Subject’s Thanks for thy last Works I bring.
‘ All my Grim Sons, with Emulation fir’d,
‘ Restleſs, thy Rights, thy Christian Rights requir’d,
‘ Thy Christian Church’s Rights : Immortal Page !
‘ Worthy thy Malice, Impudence and Rage :
‘ Envious They ask, in sullen surly mood ;
‘ What Incubus did o’re thy Fancy brood ?
‘ All Hell resounds thy Name with loud Applause,
‘ And Love the Leader, as they Like the Cause :
‘ But above all, the Hot-brain’d Atheist Crew,
‘ That ever Greece, or Rome, or Britain knew,
‘ Wave all their Laurels, and their Palms to You.
‘ Spinoza Smiles, and cries — The Work is done ; }
‘ L — — T shall Finish ; (Satan’s Darling Son :)
‘ L — — T shall Finish, what Spinoza first Begun. }
‘ Hobbes,

'Hobbes, Milton, Blount, Vanini with him join ;
 'All equally Admire the *Vast Design*.
 'Then--- to the Trumpet's, and the Clarion's Sound ;
 'The giddy Goblets whirl in Eddies round,
 'To *L—T*'s Health :---on Earth may *L—T* dwell !
 'Late may we have his Presence here in Hell !
 'Till he the Glorious Work has done : They cry,
 'Till *Christian Churches* all in Ruins ly : }
 '(Sonorous Shoutings rend the Livid Sky)
 'No single *Fiend*, through all the numerous *Hoſt*,
 'Declines the *Glaſs*, when *L—T* is the *Toaſt*.

'Old *Epicurus*, to *Lucretius* Bow'd,
 'Young, Witty, Learn'd, Vain, Impudent, and Proud :
 'Diagoras next *Apollonius* sat ;
 'The *solemn Sages* on thy *Works* debate :
 'The Traytor *Judas* lift'ning, Grinning stood ;
 'Sometimes he Mus'd, and then he Laugh'd aloud :
 'Twixt Rage, and Hate, and Scorn, at last he cries, }
 'Curſe on Thee, for thy ſilly random Kiſſes !
 'To take the *Founder*, and the *Church* to miſſ.
 'Apoſtate *Julian* roſe, and loudly Swore,
The Galileans Empire was no more ;
His Royal Priesthood ſhou'd for ever ceafe,
And Satan ſhall regain the Realms of Bliss.

By this time *L—T*, quite recover'd, stood ; }
 His Viſage redden'd with returning Blood,
 And thus he answer'd (when he Thrice had Bow'd.) }

Dr. Great are the Honors, which the *Prince of Hell*
 Bestows upon a *Mortal Infidel* :
 Nor with leſſ *Pleasure* I the *Praifes* hear,
 Your *Subjects* to my trifling *Labours* ſpare ;
 Neither to *You*, nor *Them*, I muſt confefs,
 My *Duty*, as I ought, I can exprefſe : }
 Fain wou'd I Merit more ! wou'd they but Praife me leſſ. } But

But give me leave (as I'me in Duty bound)
 To pay Thee, *Satan!* Reverence most profound:
 (Here with his Head Nine times he touch'd the Ground.)
 Civility surprizing, I acknowledge;
 To Visit a poor Fellow of a Colledge!
 For Hell's dread *Emperor* to condescend
 Himself! to see a Vile *Terrestrial Fiend*!
 Tell me, Ye Gods of *Erebus* and Night!
 How have Ye heard of such a worthless Wight?
 What Thanks are then, Supream Apostate! due
 From me, (the *Meaneſt* of *God's Foes*) to *You*?

S. Egregious Youth! Thou last best Hopes of Hell!
 All Satan's Sons, have hitherto done well;
 But *Thou*, all Satan's Sons doſt far excel.

—However—let us not, My Worthy Friend!
 Our Time in Ceremonies only spend:
 Nine times Three Minutes I can only stay,
 And cannot bear the leaſt Approach of Day:
 Then to the Bus'ness quickly let us come;
 'Tis what you Study here, and I at home.
 The *Church of England* is the Cursed Thing,
 That You and I must to Destruction bring.

Dr. Thanks, Great Destroyer! if so mean a Man
 As I, but work such Mighty Mischief can;
 No Time, nor Cost I'le ſpare; no Strength or Pains:
 (The *Church of England's Losses are my Gains.*)
 Some *Deanery* then to my *Lay-fee* shall fall;
 The Bishopricks—my *Bettters* must have,—*All.*

S. I tell Thee, *L*—*T*, and observe it well:
 Merit, like Thine, does all Reward excel.
 For *Gold*, or *Fame*, let little Souls contend;
Disinterested Mischief be Thy *End*:
 Only with Patience in thy Work persist;
 To Hell's internal *Cæſar* leave the rest.

Dr. Oh *Emperor!* What Merit can I claim?
 The Youngest *Hero* in thy Lists of *Fame*.
 Had I of old, (as *Scripture Annals* sing)
 Wag'd War with *Thee* 'gainſt Heavn's perpetual *King*:
Had

Had I (but only on the Conquer'd side)
 Display'd, with Thee, my Vanity and Pride ;
 Some Laurel then I cou'd with Pleasure wear,
 And without Blushing now my Praises hear.

S. Extreams on all fides we with Justice blame ; }
 A little then thy Headstrong Rage reclaim : }
 And try thy *Laſt* of Anarchy to tame.
 Mischief enough remains on Earth undone ;
 Then check thy flight tow'rds Heav'n, my towring Son !
 The greatest Worth still Bounds and Limits knows ;
 Be satisfy'd — and gall thy Present Foes.
 The *Christian Church* is still in Safety found ;
 Let That be first quite Levell'd to the Ground.
 When Thou hast finish'd this, (no small Design)
 Thou may'ſt with reaſon for fresh Mischief pine :
 And before all the *Christian Churches*, ſtill
 Let *Albion's Church* employ thy utmoſt Skill ;
 Quick againſt That thy ſecond Battery raiſe,
 And equal to thy Mischief be thy Praife.
 Her Clergy firſt, with fouleſt *Lyes* defame ;
 Her Clergy, of whatever Age or Name :
Rome's Pontif, and the *Ruling Elders* ſpare,
 To Blacken *Albion's Bishops* be thy care :
 Tell how that Realm is by the Bishops curs'd ;
 All Discord, Error, by their *Canons* nurs'd :
 New Schemes of Government unheard-of raiſe ;
 And all (but That which you live under) Praife :
 For Mad Republicks ſtill thy Strains pursue ;
 For Mad Republicks, whether Old or New :
 All cursed Monarchies alike decry,
 Mix'd, Absolute, their various Rights deny :
 Monarchs, as Tyrants, in thy Books display ;
 Bishops, as feller Tyrants far than they :
False are our Hopes, and Profitless our Pains,
While Bishops Mitres wear, and ANNA Reigns.
 Dr. It ſhall be done : Great Enemy of Light !
 I bear 'em all, with Thee, an equal Spite :

An equal Spite, tho' not a Power I bring
With Thee, 'gainst *Heav'n's all-ruling Tyrant King.*
I hate his Son, as much as You, or more ;

S. Why wilt Thou thus aloft unbounded soar?
Stoop; stoop thy Wings : on Earth again descend.

Dr. At Thy Monition, downwards thus I bend;
And only Wish—*His Church on Earth may End!*

Oh were my *Will*, but once *Britannia's Law!*
Rome should again the servile Nation awe ;
The *Druïds* else regain their lost Abodes,
And *Thor* and *Woden* be *Britannia's Gods* :
Idols in every Temple shou'd be found,
The Poor in Chains of Superstition bound ;
The Rich in Luxury and Atheism drown'd :
All Decency and Order shou'd be Damn'd ;
And wild *Enthusiasm* run Bellowing thro' the Land.
All, in their Turns, be *Prophets*, *Priests*, and *Kings* ;
Distinctions are but meer fantastick Things :
All Government does from the *People* flow ;
Whom They make *Priests* or *Kings*, are truly so.

These are the Doctrines in the *Rights* I teach,
No matter what the Prophets or Apostles Preach.

S. *Moses* indeed (a Wonder-working Jew)
Tells you, how Empire first in *Eden* grew ;
That *Adam* was the first undoubted King,
And from his Loyns all future Monarchs spring :
All *Regal Power* on Earth with him began,
And thro' his Veins to his First-born it ran :
God made the *Monarch* when he made the *Man*.
The *Patriarchs* hence their *Right Imperial* claim'd ;
And the First *Son* the *Successor* was Nam'd :
The *People* never gave *Dominion Birth* ;
As well might *Crowns* like *Mushrooms* spring from Earth :

Notions—I own— that have been reckon'd Good,
But wond'rous Old! — I think — before the Flood:
Dry; hard to swallow : Some of narrower Throats
Doubt, or deny, and think this *Rabbi* dotes ;
So Comment all the *Text* away with *Notes*.

Next,

Next, He of Nazareth the Prophet, came;
 (To Me, and Thee, an ever hateful Name.)
 The Scheme Mosaick he in Pieces broke;
 But gall'd the Nations with an equal Yoke:
 Of Monarchs and their Crowns he little said;
 (Only, To Cæsar, Cæsar's Things be paid.)
 The Laws of Earthly Realms he let alone;
 But in Exchange, beneath his Priests ye groan:
 And if from Heav'n, (as they pretend) He came;
 Their Priesthood then from Heav'n they justly claim:
 But that a little shocks my Faith; Dr. Much mine:

S. The Christian Priesthood then is not Divine.

If Jesus then was not the Son of God,
 Then an Impostor; Dr. Which I think: S. Allow'd,

Dr. * And justly on the Croſſ the Impostor Bow'd.
 Ye coming Ages! for th' Impostor's Sake,
 Of all his Tribe the like Examples make;
 With equal Pain and Shame his Followers vex,
 With endless Plagues that Progeny perplex,
 Let 'em from Earth with utmost Fury fly,
 To seek their Weights of Glory in the Sky. *

S. He first, then They, those slavish Doctrines taught,
 That no Revenge must on your Foes be wrought:
 That Crowns Celestial were to Cowards giv'n:
 And only Slaves on Earth were Lords in Heav'n:
 Doctrines, too Low, for thy Erected Race,
 Reject 'em then, Sublimer far embrace:
 Submission does thy Manly Tribe disgrace.

Do Thou, thy native Fierceness bravely show;
 Rather than Pardon, give the foremost Blow:
 Forgiveness, is the Coward's want of Skill,
 Or Strength, to execute his angry Will:
 Or else Revenge delay'd; till Time mature
 Succeed the Vengeance, make Resentment sure.

* See, The Ax laid to the Root, where you may plainly find, such Malice, and such Blasphemy, to be the Sentiments and Language of these execrable Apostates.

Thou on thy Foes with Speed and Vigour fly ;
 And ev'ry bold Offender, let him dy :
 Stay not till he thy Pardon may implore ;
 Or if he does, let that incense Thee more :
 It shows a Coward ; and a Coward's Blow,
 Deserves the utmost that thy Rage can do :
 Thy *Humour* be thy Law, thy *Lust* thy Guide ;
 Nor subject be to any thing beside,
 But *Obstinacy*, *Vanity*, and *Pride*.

— In Truths like these the hardy *Britons* train ;
 Thus *Subjects* Wise their *Liberties* maintain :
 And thus *Rebellion* will securely Reign.

Subjects, like These, their trembling Rulers awe ;
 Thus *Kings* Receive, the *People* Give the Law :
 If any Sawcy *Monarch* dare oppose,
 Or Pedant *Bishop* ; let 'em feel their Foes :

To *Death* or *Exile* quick the *Traytors* drive ;
 No *Rebels* to the *People* ought to live.

Thus *LAUD*, and *STUART*, Both with *Justice* Dy'd
 Fierce *Cromwel*, with the *Many* on his side,
 Thus check'd the *Prelate's*, and the *Monarch's* Pride.

Dr. And thus it is, *True Oracle of Lyes* !
 That in the *Rights*, the *Britons* I advise :
 But they remain, reluctant to my Will ;
 Their *Beer*, and *Beef*, confirm 'em *Blockheads* still.
 Wou'd They, but publickly my *Doctrines* own,
 The *Monarchy* had long e're this, been down :
Episcopacy of that Name bereft ;
 And that is almost All, it now has left.

If common Fortune does my *Toys* attend,
 My Second *Rights* that *Order* quite shall end.

Instruct me, *Mighty Leader* ! to Oppose
Priests, *Bishops*, *Kings* : *Britannia's* only *Foes*.

S. L — T ! — Your *Rights* I like in gen'ral well :
 Yet --- in some parts, You've broke the *Laws* of *Hell* :
 You speak too plain, — and lay your Cloak aside, —
 Forbear, — be cover'd, — I chastise such Pride.

Wife

Wise *Fowlers* do not thus *themselves* proclaim,
But wind with *Caution* round the watchful Game:
Had I, like You, the *Hypocrite* disown'd,
Adam had ne're beneath my *Scepter* groan'd.

Bravo's, in other Countries, never cry
The Men in Publick, they intend shall *Dye*.

Woud'st Thou? *Civilian!* Depths *Satanick* know;
Then to these *Rules* with deep Attention bow.

Let *Moderation* all your Counsels guide;
Nothing does *Vice* so well as *Vertue* hide:
True, Sterling, and *Infernal Treason's*----*This*;
Formal begin---- All Hail! ---- and then---- the Kiss:
With *Caution* most deliberate proceed;
The *swiftest* is not still the *surest Speed*:
To *Brutal Rashness* few *Great Deeds* we owe;
Hero's in *Mischief Civil* are, and *Slow*:
A Gentle Answer all Objections solves;
Sheep's Cloathing is the proper Garb for *Wolves*.

In vain against *Religion War* you wage,
Without the *Serpent's Cunning*, with his *Rage*.

Dr. Accept my Thanks; *Hades All Sapient Sire!*
Who can Enough thy *Politicks* admire?
Prostrate I Kneel; and for thy *Pardon* sue;
For *Moderation* all my Vows renew:
Then bow Thine Ear, and listen to my Cries;
And make Me, like thy *Self*, both *Brave*, and *Wise*.

S. Thus your *Stage-Poets* too, are All to blame,
Those *Puppies* ever over-run their Game:
Over all Bounds, all Precipices leap;
Nor mind the Lashings of the *Hunter's Whip*:
Bawdy, Prophaneness, Blasphemy they join;
Think only *Wit*, with *Wickedness, Divine*:
Turn ev'ry thing that's *Sacred*, to a *Jest*;
In *Christian Countries* never spare a *Priest*.

For *Faults*, like these, Fierce *Jerry Collier* rose;
Briskly he Charg'd, and Routed all his *Foes*:
E'en the *Train-Band Reformers*, cou'd engage
Such Sots; with *Glory*, equal to their *Rage*.

For

For *Faults*, like these, from *France* the *Dancers* come,
And *Eunuch Singing Choristers*, from *Rome*:
At vast Expence those *Epicures* are fed;
The *Poets, Players*, justly want their *Bread*.

'Tis for these Reasons *Theatres* decay;
Prophaneness sinks, and *Blasphemy* gives way:
Bawdy no more with *Pleasure* can be heard;
The *Modest, Civil Sinners*, all are scar'd.

For this, One *House* a *Timber-Yard* is turn'd;
Oh! had ye heard----how *Pocky* †D——t mourn'd!
The Pillars too of all the Others bend;
I see their pageant Deities descend:
And all in real Flames their painted Glories end.
The *Mightiest Emperors*, Molt *Gracious Queens*,
Dwindle to *Pimps*, and *Whores* behind the *Scenes*.

With Prudence then, divert th' impending Blow,
Some *Moderation* in your *Madness* show:
For *Lewdness*, for discreeter *Lewdness* call;
For *Modest Vice*: —— or else the *Stage* will fall.

Your nasty *Nakedness* to Rage provokes;
On quickly with your *Vizards*--All, and Cloaks.

Plays are like *Poysons*, if they're temper'd right,
Never offend the *Tast*, the *Smell*, or *Sight*:
Bawdy Bare-fac'd must never be allow'd;
Ev'n *Whores* are *Mask'd*, and *Modest* in a *Croud*.
No *Blasphemies* be Bellow'd from the *Stage*,
Nor any *Publick Wars* with *Vertue* wage:
In *Private* be as *Wicked* as ye will;
Do not *Abroad* —— my *Mysteries* reveal. ——

— Rakes I abhor: all Sots so loudly Lewd;
Hell Blushes at the giddy fenceless Brood:
Whate're you think, and pray such *Coxcombs* tell,
We have some *Modesty* at least, —— in Hell:
Not such as is in Silly *Virgins* seen;
grave, solid, sober, serious Vice, I mean.

† The Gentleman who built the Queen's Theatre in Dorset-Garden.

Be then these *Rules* observ'd alike by all ;
 And *Vice* again shall rise, and *Vertue* fall :
 The *Realms* of *Darkness* ev'ry Day increase ;
Lewdness grow great, as *Modesty* grows less :
 Atheists, with Poets, Players, (Wretches vile
 By the Saints call'd) shall *Govern Albion's Isle* ;
 And Satan on ye all propitious Smile.

Dr. If *Satan Smiles*, What Mortal shall withstand ?
 Th' unerring Thunder of my Vengeful Hand.

Listen, ye *Britons* ! then, to *L — T*'s Lore ;
 I'll soon relieve ye from Tyrannick Pow'r :
 Nor *Priests*, nor *Monarchs*, shall in Fetter bind
 Much longer, any *Free-born Briton's Mind* :
 I'll teach ye, ev'ry *Bullet-headed Wight*,
 To *Drink* all Day, and *Fornicate* all Night :

S. Well started, Casuist ! ---- 'tis a *Briton's Right*.
Whoring's a very little Venial *Sin*,
 If *Phyllis* be but Wholesom, Cheap, and Clean ;
 And *Drunkenness* is *Physically* good,
 To cure the *Spleen*, and circulate the *Blood*.

Pray, — when you take a new Satanick Text,
 Instruct your *Honest Block-head Britons* next ;
 How by the *Gospel* they're all Plagu'd and Vext :

Show 'em, that 'tis beneath a *Briton's care*,
 To spend his Time in *Sacraments* and *Pray'r*.

Dr. It shall be done, Molt *Anti-Christian Spright* !
 And the Three *Creeds*, my Liege, can ne'er be right :
 Three *Creeds*? but One my Faith does puzzle quite.

Suppose that, *NOT*, were by the *Commons* freed
 Out of the *Decalogue*, and plac'd i'th' *Creed* :
 That little trifling Particle — that *NOT* ;
 (Or if Expung'd — 'twou'd be no mighty Blot.)

S. Compendious Thought ! well worthy to succeed ;
D. Thus *Faith* and *Practice*, bothat once wou'd bleed :
S. That wou'd be *Liberty* and *Property* indeed !

Dr. Oh ! wou'd but *Time* that happy Scene disclose,
 In which no *Senator* shou'd dare oppose

That

That *Vote*; but all Unanimously join;
Me, and Themselves, to free from *Laws Divine*:

Then Uncontroul'd, I'de humour ev'ry Lust,
And only be to Wine, and Women, Just.

S. Nothing shou'd bind a *British P———t*,
Without each *Individual's Consent*.

The *Horeb Contract*, never yet was laid
Before the *Houses*; nor has Once been Read,
Or Pass'd in *Either*:—Wherefore then Obey'd?

Dr. Was *Horeb's rigid Contract* made for me?
Did I the *Thunders* hear? or *Lightnings* see?

S. Then not Consenting, you are plainly *Free*.
All *Contract's* where one Party's over-aw'd,
The *Civil Law*, I think, deems Null and Void.
No *Freedom* with those Ten Commandments lasts,
That *Horeb Contract* all your *Freedom* blasts:
Dissolve that *Contract*, try your utmost Strength,
You may, perhaps, find Friends enough at length:
Do *Thou*, my *Canonist*! prepare a Bill,
The House can any Covenants repeal:
And who shall dare Oppose a *Senate's Will*?
But I'm afraid, their boggling at the *Test*;
Gives us but slender grounds to hope the Best.
Had they that Bill but Generously pass'd;
With better grace you might have Urg'd this last.

Dr. Your *Majesty* makes Merry with your *Slave*;
S. Dost thou then reckon thine own *Project's grave*?
Thy *Project's* in the *Rights*? Thou Partial Knave!
Well, to be Serious: ---Nay, nay,---why that Look?...
There's very wretched *Reas'ning in thy Book*:
But——if you please the Nation with such *Stuff*,
And make the *Clergy* Odious:——'tis Enough.

Thy Knowledge of the *Scripture* too, is small,
But that, and *Logick* in a Lawyer, shall
Not be by Me, insisted on—at all.

Cou'd you no better, than you Reason, Rail;
L——I, 'twixt Friends, the *Parsons* wou'd prevail.

Dr. I've

Dr. I've done my Best: What Mortal can do more?
I'm sure there's *Malice* in my Book, good store.

S. Yes, pretty well—Doctor of *Civil Law!*
At Last—I heed not *Logick* of a Straw:

Tho' less, than in Thy *Rights*, in troth, I never saw.

—No matter—*Malice, Slander*, do as well:
These are our constant Arguments in Hell.

Be sure then, in your Second *Rights*, take care,
That Curs'd, Establish'd *Clergy* not to spare:
Load 'em with *Malice, Slander*, ev'ry where.

Stab 'em, My Russian! Stab 'em thro', with *Lyes*:
Till at thy Feet, that *Order*, gasping, Dies.

Then I, my Self, will lead Thee down to Hell,
There, in supremest Pomp, with Me to dwell.

The *Furies* patient, shall thy Coming wait;
In Magick Circles, to attend thy State:
Ten Thousand *Infidels*, before Thee fly,
To clear thy Passage, thro' the crowded Sky.

At thy Approach, *Rebellion* stern will rise,
All smear'd with Blood and Gash'd: (to Arms she cries,
Hurling a Spear tow'rds Heav'n,) since *L—T*'s ours,
Let's re-attack, ye Fiends, th' Ethereal Tow'rs.

Democracy, (a Noisy Patriot Fool,
The Rabble's *Idol*, and the Statesman's *Tool*,)
After her sawcy and familiar way,
Doctor, I'me Yours; Yours heartily, She'll say:
How fares on Earth the *Jus Divinum*? Dead?

Do the *Patricii* the *Plebes* dread?
Almost---then fling this *Mitre* at that *Monarch's Head*.
Sedition loud, to *Tumult* mad, shall bawl;
And Welcome Thee to Satan's gloomy Hall:
Slander with all her Snakes shall hiss thy Praise;
Treason leave all her Plots on Thee to gaze:
Lewdness with *Deism* shall Record thy Name,
And *Envy* shall not envy Thee thy Fame.

That wither'd, crooked Witch, Old *Heresy*,
Will Wanton, Frantick grow, at sight of Thee:

Catch Thee with Lust exstatick in her Arms ;
 Smiling with Youth renew'd, and Virgin Charms :
 Then eager pres' her burning Lips to thine,
 And round thy Neck, like a fond Mistress, twine.

Vain-Glory, (Mighty Builder !) last shall raise,
 At my Expence, this Fabrick to thy Praise.

Three Hundred Cubits from the solid Ground,
 (And all Emboss'd with swelling Sculpture round)
 The Column rises just; with Strength & Beauty crown'd. }

High on its flaming Top, shall L — T stand ;
 Thy Christian Rights wide open in thy Hand :
 There, Thou shalt teach the Damn'd to Curse, Revile }
 God's Priesthood and his Sons : the damn'd the while }
 Forgetting all their Pains, shall listning Smile. }

Sullen Enthusiasm tearing of his Hair,
 Distorted, Foaming, Trembling, in Despair,
 Low at the Pillars Base half-rais'd shall ly, }
 Then Staring upwards, with a Shriek shall cry, }
 ' Are Atheists lifted up in Hell so high ? }

On thy Right-hand, Proud Blasphemy shall sit,
 And on thy Left, Prophaneness : Scurril Wit,
 Impudence, Sophistry, (Hell's Rabble Rout) }
 With Error, Folly, Vanity, and Doubt ; }
 Huzza--The Rights--The Christian Right/s--shall shout. }

The Scriptures all to shivers torn, shall fly
 Like driving Snows along a stormy Sky :
 The Spoils of Christian Churches shall bestrow
 With sweet Confusion all the Plain below.

Rage unreclaim'd shall round the Ruins ride,
 With stupid Irreligion by his Side :
 (On Earth by Flattery Both for Patriots prais'd,
 In Hell by me to Seats infernal rais'd :)
 These shall the Scepter, Robes and Diadem bring,
 While I anoint Thee — Mischief's Monkey King.

Such are the Honours I prepare for those,
 Who are, like Thee, to Priests Immortal Foes.

Was ever Land by silly Priests mis-led ?
 Did ever ancient Heroes Parsons dread ?

Ye drowzy *Senators* ! from Sleep arise !
 Ye Publick *Patriots* ! when will Ye be Wise ?
 Wou'd Ye a true Dependant *Priesthood* have ?
 Resume the *Tythes* your dull *Forefathers* gave.

Let 'em at Altars for *Subscriptions* wait,
 Or Arbitrary *Pensions* of the State :
 Then if They dare, but what you'd have 'em teach,
 Let 'em, like *Paul*, at their own Charges Preach :
 While they their *Bishopricks*, and *Dean'ries* keep,
These Wolves will never tremble at You Sheep.

D. That little *Text*, my Liege ! these Notions nicks ;
Jesurun, till be fattens, never kicks.

S. The *Convocation*, do what'ere I can,
 Still thwarts the Measures of my Dark *Divan*.

D. Might *Slaves* with *Emperors* in Counsel share,
 That *Senate*, in Ten Thousand Pieces tear.
 In that, *Britannia's Church* collected stands ;
A Giant with Two Heads, Three Hundred Hands.
 Bodies United, Terrible appear ;
 Which separate, no single Man wou'd Fear :
 Each *Coward* singly, I my self cou'd beat ;
 But dare not All of 'em together meet.
 So wary *Hawks* do fearful *Pidgeons* fly,
 As they in *Squadrons* Wing the Liquid Sky :
 When joyn'd in Troops, the Foe they wisely shun,
 And yet, they'll Kill a Thousand, One by One.

S. Now I commend Thee *M—w*, wisely said ;
 And wisely with such Enemies proceed :
 Do Thou instruct the Commons, and the Law,
 With Premunires still those Priests to awe ;
 Then they'll Submit : Thus *Henry* gain'd his Cause ;
All Shepherds tremble at a Lion's Paws :
 For, tho' to Others they of *Suffering* talk,
 In their own Case they still that Doctrine baulk.
 And after all — if those Two Houses — meet —
 — *D.* The Devil, *S.* And the Doctor. *D.* Both are bit :
 But for their *Gracious Empress*...there's the Task —
S. Which will my utmost Care and Caution ask.

I own, she's arm'd with Piety and Pray'rs ;
 Such Goodness——frequently eludes my Snares.
 Firm and unshaken, hitherto Sh'as stood ;
 Nor heeds the Noise and Workings of the Flood.
 But Hope, you Mortals say, with Life does last ;
 Tho' beaten still, still I can rise as fast.
 You cannot but remember Gentle *Eve* ;
 To me——the Wheedling of the Ladies leave.

Old *Clarendon* does well my *Friends* disgrace,
 What then?—my Friends at Court have met with Place.
 Patient I'le wait——Observe the rowling Sky ;
 Then——catch the lucky Minutes as they fly.

Once, with Success, I Hunted mighty Game ; }
 That Day shall stand consign'd to Deathless Fame,
 Earth trembl'd as my *Beagles* roaring onward came. }
 Remorseless, round the *Royal Hart* they stood,
 And plung'd their *Dew-laps* in his *Sacred Blood*.
 The *Powers infernal* Jealous, wonder'd why,
 'Twas given to Mortal Men to Sin so high.

Thus fell Old Pious *CHARLES*, in Suff'rings Brave;
 The *Rebels* Rul'd, their *Monarch* was their Slave :
 His *Clemency* did first his State enthral ;
 And by his *Goodness* 'twas I wrought his Fall.

I fill'd his *Senates* with my sawcy Brood,
 Erect with Sin and Impudence they stood ; }
 The *Subject Hector*'d, and the *Monarch* Bow'd. }
 For that perhaps Above he is Renown'd,
 But since on *Earth* a *Traytor's* Death he found,
 I'me satisfy'd. D. So may all *Kings* be Crown'd ! }

S. Oh *ANNA*! When will Thy *Devotion* cease?
 When will Thy Streams of *Charity* decrease ?
 That better Hopes may to our Prospect rise ;
 But I'hou'rt confirm'd the *Darling of the Skies*.
 Why art Thou thus ? too Generously Great !
 To sink Thy *Own*, to raise the *Clergy's* State.
 What Blessings still attend Thy Glorious Reign !
 Oh *ANNA*! most perversly Pious *QUEEN*!
 Heav'n Smiles to see Thee Rule thy Realms below ;
 And Sov'reign Power, with Sov'reign *Goodness* show :

Thy

Thy Royal Grandfire's Worth, with better Fate,
Shall make *Thee*, thro' all Ages, *Truly Great*.

Dr. All Mighty-*Ills* by *Fate's* Adverse are croſſ'd;
Thus We not Works, but Wishes only boast :
Brave *Ravillac* shou'd else but Second stand
To me, in *Hell's* Assassinating Band :
Were it not otherwise Decreed above ;
The Guardian Angels still the Strongest prove.

But, Sir? —— those *Foolish Universities*!
Are They too, Guarded by *Supream Decrees*? }
Oh wou'd some other *Henry* but arise ! }

Dissolve their *Colleges*, their *Buildings* burn,
And all their *Books* to Flames and Ashes turn :
Sell all their *Lands*, to make the *Nobles* Drunk,
That ev'ry Commoner, as *Olim* —— *nunc*,
Might at the *Churches* Charges keep —— a *Punk*. }

Then Thou **Bridgewater*! shou'dſt in *Europe* claim,
Oxford's Immortal Venerable Name :

Cambridge to **Taunton* all Her Tow'rs resign ;

S. And Both, in Mighty *L* —— *T's* Praifes join.

Dr. Thus *Piety* and *Learning* shou'd Decay,
And *Ignorance* and *Atheism* bear the Sway.

S. Exquisite Fiend ! *Satan's* undoubted Seed !

How does thy Likeness justify thy Breed ?

What Pity 'tis, it ever shou'd be ſaid,

That Thou didſt Eat a paltry *Prelate's* Bread.

For Shame ! For Shame ! thy Fellowship Refign !

Nor longer with thoſe Christian Coxcombs Dine.

Forsake thy *Pedant Cell*, to *Courts* repair,

Triumphant *Atheism* Thou wilt meet with there :

Thy most degenerate Friends, the *Courtiers* tell,

We have not ſuch Ingratitude in Hell ;

To let a Youth, like *Thee*, regardless paſſ,

Nor mind the Glories of thy Glitt'ring Face.

Merit like Thine ! to meet with no Reward !

Ye *Guardian Pow'rs* of Vice ! 'tis wond'rous hard :

King *David's* Admonition here is just ;

Not Princes, nor in any Courtiers trust.

* Two Noted Presbyterian Seminaries in the West of England

But

But hold——my Time is almost quite expir'd;
Besides, Below my Presence is requir'd.

— Rot these *Republicans*! I am Betray'd;
That *Tutchin*! has an Insurrection made
With his Depositing Doctrines; but e're Day,
I'le teach that *Dog*! *Hell's Monarch* to Obey.

Do Thou, then, quickly these few Orders take,
And I thy Room, at present, will forsake.

‘ To all thy real and admiring Friends,
‘ *Satan*, by Thee, his hearty Love commends.
‘ To *T——d, C——ns, St——ns, A——l*, tell,) }
‘ Sir *R——t H——d* Greets 'em kindly well; }
‘ And hopes to see 'em shortly All——in *Hell*. }
‘ From me the *Phænix Editors* Salute;
‘ And I've a Letter here for Esquire *S——te*.
‘ *J——n D——n*, with his Brethren of the Bays, }
‘ His Love to *G----b*, Blaspheming *G----b*, conveys; }
‘ And Thanks him for his *Pagan* Funeral Praise. }
‘ Hopes *W——y*, whose Christian Name is *Will*,
‘ Continues very Witty, Wicked still :
‘ The like of *C——ve, V——k*, and the Rest,
‘ Who Swear, that *all Religion is a Fest*.
‘ Tell Doctor *B——t*, *Theory* I mean,
‘ His *Eve* and *Serpent* have our *Tatler* been :
‘ *Lucian*, the Master for that Dialogue Thanks ;
‘ The *Snake*, and *Lady* faith, play——pretty Pranks.
‘ *Hugh Peters* something said, a Canting Sot,
‘ About One *Ben*——his Sir-name I've forgot :
‘ His *Measures of Submission*, were Obey'd
‘ Exactly, by *Wat Tyler*, and *Jack Cade*.
‘ *George Fox* to *Lacy* had some Warnings groan'd,
‘ But his stiff Scribe was no where to be found :
‘ The Fool himself, can neither Write nor Read ;
‘ The Motions of his *Chops* I did not heed.
‘ Old *Arius* cry'd, O *Lucifer*! I charge ye,
‘ Thank *Wb——n* for his *Moneo* to the Clergy.
‘ *Oliver's Porter* stop'd me at *Hell's Door*,
‘ And in my Ears this *Prophecy* did roar.

"A certain circumflex Enthusiaſt Knight,
 "Of Britain-Great, a very little Wight,
 "Sir R——d B——y call'd; bid him but wait,
 "When Emes does rise, his Worſhip will be Streight.

Have ye not here, on Earth Pray? Hell-wheſps two?
 Dr. Your Highneſſ means, if I conjecture true,
 Our Block-head Observator, and Review. }
 } S. The fame—

They're mangy, lazy Currs, I'le have 'em Hang'd;
 Or else, 'till all their Bones are broken, Bang'd.
 In half this Time Pryn Ruin'd Church and State:

Dr. All Scoundrels cannot grow, by Scribbling, Great.

S. If they can nothing more to Purpose fay,
 I'le burn their Papers, and withdraw their Pay.

'Prithee reach hither, M——t! the Bibliotheque
 'Cooſie, where th' Author, of Your Works does ſpeak:
 'Because, Socinus has a Wager laid,
 'There's ſomething greatly to Your Honour ſaid:
 'And that our Scribbling Swiſs, Le Clerc, will fay
 'As much——of any Devil in Hell——for Pay.

'In Winter, when at C——nſt——ne's You meet,
 'Pray tell that Club, I Kiss their Cloven Feet.
 'And at the Calve's-Head-Feast, when next You Dine,
 'Accept theſe Flasks of Acherontick Wine:
 'The Toaſt--beHonest Noll's good Health and Mine. }

'I'le have a Brace of D——s within this Sennight,
 'Spite of the Doctrine of that Doctor K——
 'From me, as from a Friend, his Reverence tell,
 'We've Men of Sense and Quality in Hell.

'Tis well remember'd——Take one Parting Kiss;
 'Thine Elder Brother Judas ſent Thee this.

Thus having ſaid, He in a Miſt withdrew,
 And in a Moment up the Chimney flew.

F I N I S.

31

